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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1916.

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TRENCH LIFE AFTER LOOS

E. Penney Describes the Days
Following the Battle.

A RAIN OF SHELLS

One Whole Month of Misery
Was Spent in Very Warm
Spots.

The following letter has been received by Dean Adams from Edgar Penney, Sci. 16, Chemical Engineering, who is at present serving with the 8th City of London Regiment as Brigade Trench Mortar Officer.

8th City of London.
B. E. P., France,
Jan. 10, 1916.

Dear Dr. Adams,—

Since I wrote you last we have had many trying moments and also many pleasant ones. To begin, after the battle of Loos we were pushed into what was really a later development of the same engagement. Here we were successful in that we intended to reach a certain point and remain. Our troubles really had only begun. We dug ourselves in and waited. Counter attacks were beaten off as we spent roughly the next 36 days in the trenches. During that time we actually spent 31 days entirely there, the last sixteen days being spent without relief. We were holding the most advanced trenches, and consequently fully paid the price. It rained continually to add to our discomfort, and, worse still, made any improvement of our trenches utterly impossible, for the breaches in the trenches caused by the Boche artillery could only be repaired each night owing to our greatly reduced strength. They rained all sorts of muck on us from H. E. to ordinary shrapnel, rifle grenades, sausages and minenweifer bombs. After sixteen days of absolute hell, we were taken away from the lines and given a month's complete rest. It was really delightful. Then we came back. We spent both Christmas and New Year's days in the trenches, and both days in the two warmest spots on the whole front. During the latter day we heard a mine explosion away on our left, and for forty minutes following we had the most concentrated bombardments I have yet endured. I was in control of my company and had not a man hit.

My transfer to the R. E.'s has not yet culminated. Now I am Brigade Trench Mortar Officer, and find the work much better than sitting down in the trenches. We are using the light gun, and when the Boche gets busy with anything, we give him about two for one. He usually shuts up. He is much averse to any retaliation. Our battery happened to win the thanks of our brigadier, which, after all, is something.

I notice Colonel Magee and Major Eve are raising a battalion. I would like to be with them, and I wish them all good luck. I also noticed that Kingman, my old platoon commander in the O.T.C., has a platoon in that battalion.

If I were asked what the most necessary training for this campaign should be, I would say in order of importance:

1. Physical training.
2. Rapid fire, rapid loading and accurate shooting.
3. Training to actual trench conditions.

These built upon a training in open fighting makes the men we want. Discipline must be instilled from the very beginning. Forming fours is as necessary as relieving trenches sensibly.

Give everybody my best wishes for the new year. Good luck to all.

Yours very truly,
EDGAR PENNEY.

What's On

To-day.

- Science Undergrad. nominations close.
12.00—Dentistry hockey practice.
1.00—Medicine '19 hockey practice.
2.00—Arts '18 hockey practice.
2.00—Med. '18 matinee.
4.00—Skating, Campus Rink.
4.30—Meeting of News Board in Daily office.
5.00—Wrestling practice.
7.30—Fencing practice.
7.45—Cercle Français meet at Union.

Coming.

- March 2—Orchestral concert, R.V.C.
March 2—C. O. T. C. parade at 7.45 p.m.
March 3—Election, Science Undergraduates' Society.
March 5—Nominations for Students' Council close.
March 5—Special students' service, American Presbyterian Church.
March 10—Arts smoker.

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Max Sigler Will Give a Paper on
Various Theories of State.

A meeting of the Philosophical Society will be held in room B, Strathcona Hall, at 8.15 this evening, when Mr. Max Sigler, Arts '16, will deliver a discourse on the "Comparisons of the Theories of the State of Hobbes, Rousseau and Spinoza."

The meeting promises to be an interesting and instructive one, and all members of the society as well as all those interested in the topic are urged to attend. Free discussion will follow the reading of Mr. Sigler's paper.

MIDNIGHT LIST OF CASUALTIES

Ottawa, Feb. 29.—The following is the list of names up to midnight:

2nd Battalion.

Wounded—Wm. Ogden, Providence, R.I.

3rd Battalion.

Severely wounded—Norman A. Gurnett, 318 St. George street, Toronto; Lance-Corp. Bernard M. Andrew, Box 772, Vancouver, B.C.

Killed in action—Sergeant Edward T. Luck, 493 Richmond street, Toronto; Edward Lock, Compton, Que.

7th Battalion.

Wounded—Thomas Stewart, Scotland.

8th Battalion.

Wounded—John McLeod, Goderich, Ont.

11th Battalion.

Seriously ill—Samuel McNeice, Ireland.

13th Battalion.

Previously reported wounded and missing, now killed in action—Sergeant John H. Thomson, Strathcona avenue, Montreal West, Que.

16th Battalion.

Wounded—Robert E. Trainor, 76 Menzies street, Victoria, B.C.
Died—John McLeod Beaton, Courtenay, B.C.

22nd Battalion.

Seriously wounded—Alyre Dufour, 197 Dufresne street, Montreal.

Wounded—Almece Roberge, Montmorency Village, Que.; Jean Raza, 657 Mentana street, Montreal; Louis Hudson, St. Denis de Kamouraska, Que.

Killed in action—Charles C. Bartlett, 12 Thompson street, Concord, N.H.; Alphonse Charbonneau, St. Antoine, Montreal, Que.

24th Battalion.

Wounded—Kenneth Keith, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Harry E. Smith, Picton, Ont.

Severely wounded—Thos. Hunt, 125 Aqueduct street, Montreal; John C. Osborne, 477 Aymer street, Montreal.

26th Battalion.

Dangerously ill—Dan E. Melanson, 136 Orange street, St. John, N.B.

49th Battalion.

Seriously ill—Charles B. Reinhardt, 8356 77th avenue, Edmonton South, Alta.

55th Battalion.

Seriously ill—Allan Cripps, Queen street, Chatham, N.B.

Princess Pats.

Killed in action—Corp. J. E. L. Milen, 418 Wood avenue, Westmount.

Royal Canadian Regiment

Wounded—Alden F. Gibson, Newcastle, Ont.

First Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Died of wounds—Gordon C. Balem, Cocagne Cape, Kent Co., N.B.

Fourth Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Wounded—Franklin J. Oldfield, 17 Ellis street, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Fifth Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Wounded—John Clark, Galt, Ont.

Sixth Howitzer Brigade.

Wounded—Driver Harvey G. Foster, Caledonia, Ont.

DR. TAYLOR TO SPEAK.

Will Address the Delta Sigma Society
This Afternoon.

To-day, at 4 o'clock, the Rev. Dr. Bruce Taylor will address the Delta Sigma on his experiences of the war. The executive of the society feel that they are lucky to get such a busy man to give some of his time to them, and they therefore wish to have a large audience present. The subject is one which interests us all, and it is hoped that as many R. V. C. students as possible will come to the meeting.

Friends of the students are also cordially invited to hear Dr. Taylor.

H. R. MORGAN D.D.

H. R. Morgan, former editor of the Daily, has been confined to the house for a couple of days through illness.

CHEMICAL SOC. HOLDS MEETING

J. Stansfield Delivers Paper on
Liesegang Rings.

HISTORY GIVEN.

Careful and Interesting Analysis
of Whole Subject Given
by Speaker.

The regular meeting of the Chemical Society was held yesterday afternoon at five o'clock. As there was no business to be brought before the meeting, the president called on Mr. J. Stansfield to present his paper on "Liesegang Rings."

The speaker first went into the history of these rings. Liesegang first showed that if a drop of silver nitrate is placed on a gel containing potassium chromate, a series of rings of silver chromate are formed, somewhat similar in appearance to the rings on the cross-section of a trunk of a tree.

Ostwald in 1897 offered an explanation of this phenomenon. He stated that when the first ring was formed, the silver chromate produced exhausted all the silver and chromate ions in its immediate vicinity, and another ring could not be formed until more silver ions had diffused out and more chromate ions diffused in, until the strength of the silver and chromate ions were equal at least to the solubility product of these ions. Another ring is then formed, but further from the centre than the first. This process is repeated till a whole series of rings are formed.

In 1903 Morse and Pierce produced rings with a large number of other substances. They showed that the time necessary for a band to reach a certain position varied directly as the square of the distance from the centre. They also showed that the rate of diffusion increased with temperature. These bands can be produced in water alone without the presence of gelatine, but they break up very easily after the first few bands have been formed.

In 1904 Hausmann showed that the distance reached by the rings in a constant time depended on the strength of the solution at the centre of the rings. Rings formed with ammonium chromate were much thicker and more widely spaced. In 1907 Liesegang showed that a later set of rings could be formed over a previously formed set, without any interference from the latter. In 1912 it was shown that the results were always the same no matter which of the reacting substances were placed at the centre of formation of the rings. In 1913 Liesegang showed that no rings were produced in absolutely pure gelatine, a slight trace of acid being necessary.

The speaker then described some of his own work on this subject. The gelatine solution containing the potassium chromate was spread on glass plates and allowed to set. A drop of silver nitrate solution was then placed in the centre of the plate. It was found that the total distance through which diffusion can take place increases with decreasing concentration of the potassium chromate, and increases with increasing concentration of the silver nitrate. The rings were best formed with strong silver nitrate and weak potassium chromate. The rate of diffusion also increases with the concentration of the silver nitrate.

The speaker then showed some very interesting lantern slides which had been formed by causing these rings to form directly on the slide itself. It could be noticed that the exterior rings were much more granular than the interior rings. Also, the further from the centre the greater was the distance between successive rings.

The speaker also described some work in which he had investigated the rate of diffusion of individual reagents in gelatine under the same conditions. The stronger solutions were found to diffuse much faster than the weaker solutions, and normal silver nitrate diffused much faster than normal lead nitrate.

At the close of the address an interesting discussion ensued. Dr. Ruitan pointed out that the effect of the precipitated membrane on the diffusion had not been sufficiently studied. Dr. Lloyd discussed the subject from a botanical point of view, and Dr. Bancroft from a geological point of view. Dr. Bancroft did not consider that it had been sufficiently well established that the formation of agate and allied minerals was due to this phenomenon.

The meeting then adjourned, after tendering a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker.

R.V.C. sports will be held on March 8, in the gymnasium. For information apply to Miss Currie, '16, or Miss Fowler, '18. A large number of contestants is expected from each year. It is time now to begin to practise.

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Radical Professors

A very interesting question headed a letter written a short time ago to the Editor of a college paper. It read as follows: "Do students want radicals for professors?" Now the writer, "F. M.," goes on to state his (or her) agreement with the affirmative answer, asserting that "a thorough discussion, pro and con, on subjects affecting the welfare of the people would make students think, and think seriously, of what is happening about them."

At first sight this point seems a strong one and of indubitable truth, but there is an aspect to the question which induces more thorough examination, and possibly a re-adjustment of the first impulsive accordance. It is a familiar fact to all who have been freshmen, and also to those who are in authority over freshmen, that the most momentous changes are wrought in the mind of the schoolboy, now student, upon his first rencontre with the wide and somewhat unbalancing problems touching himself, and other startling facts touching those about him, which inevitably rise. To him all things at first are radical; the most fossilized species of professors can tell him commonplaces which by over-urging can shake the mental foundations laid in the little old home town. These, of course, are generalities which do not apply to those extraordinary mortals who go through school life, college life, and world life, like closed oysters, unharmed by any winds that blow.

But to return to the point. Here we have individuals who are waking up to an atmosphere that taxes to their utmost their native poise. How will they react to a more rarefied atmosphere, where the added tax may be the deciding straw?

Now, every professor has his own particular fad of radical thinking. This it has taken him all his life to nourish to its final form, and it is hardly fair for him to foist it, a sudden intellectual avalanche, on to the unsuspecting shoulders of the already sufficiently burdened pilgrim.

This all applies to the young student. As regards the more advanced members of the University, they have by this time taken on more ballast with which to cope with the rude surge of the radical, and, in consequence, the wave only breaks over them and penetrates in small trickles, which are assimilated as strengthening adjuncts, not as revolutionary intruders.

Hence the modification mentioned in the first paragraph might come to this, that students want radicals for professors as long as that respected body do not catch them "impeditos," so to speak, and fall with ingenious weapons, which have long been under the grindstone, upon those unprepared youths and maidens, whose utmost protection is a disarming smile.

Editorial Notes

There is a noisy element in college which obtrudes itself most objectionably at times. In the Arts Building, for instance, groups of shouting representatives of all years congregate in the numerous crannies of that rambling building, and lay down the law, not only to those in the group, but also to those far away from it. In the Library, too, there is a tendency to long distance communication which is quite fatal to the intervening workers.

Now, total silence in the Library is rather too much to demand of everyone at once, but whispered conversation, at times rising to hoarse murmur, is the limit that ought to be tolerated. The thoughtless individuals who air their empty views so loudly as to disturb others had better try and learn to be more quiet.

The following excerpt from the Red and Black indicates that other college papers are faced with the passivity of their readers in helping to fill their columns, and the exhortation here given may be applied here to some extent at least:

"THIS IS YOUR PAPER. Try to put something in it, then you will get more out of it. Contribute to its columns. Develop yourself along these lines as you do in the other activities of the college community. BEGIN RIGHT NOW."

"THE EDITORS."

WAR RELIEF IN BERLIN.

Berlin, Germany.—According to an official report, the Berlin municipal authorities distributed 16,268,955 marks to soldiers' families during December last, as compared with 8,826,000 in November. Contributions towards the rent for such families also showed a considerable increase during the last month of the year. Whereas during the last few months it had amounted on an average to 1,670,000 marks, it was increased to 1,932,000 marks in December. The total amount so far expended by the Berlin authorities in relieving soldiers' families is 88,700,235 marks.

P.C. FROM McCONNELL.

Captain Wm. F. McConnell, a graduate of Arts '14 and of Theo. '15, writes a field postcard from Salonika, where he is acting as chaplain to the Toronto General Hospital. At date of writing he was himself an inmate of the hospital suffering from over-exertion and shock. The indisposition, however, seems only to have been slight, as the card is in his own handwriting.

Medical and Science students of the University of Toronto had a battle royal on 'Varsity Campus Friday, with 100 on a side. Snow was the heavy explosive employed. No casualties, but black-eyes resulted.

SCISSORED SENTIMENT

THE COURTS OF HEAVEN

Last night as I lay on my bed, I pondered my legal vocations, A nightmare swept over my brain That almost defies presentation. Methought that my door opened and, Ere I could say, "Hey diddle diddle," A gentleman stood by my side With flames spouting out of his middle.

Said he, "Mr. Gabriel's my name, And my mission, I know, seems abhorrent, For I've come to call you to account For serving upon you this warrant. Your summons has come, sir, at last, Annexed to a long condescendence, And note the High Sheriff himself Grants leave to arrest on dependence."

Said I, "Mr. Gabriel, sir, Though your law seems a little bit lazy I like, sir, the style of your bat, And your trumpet's a regular daisy. So tell the High Sheriff himself I resent not his kind interference, But am willing to stand on my trial, And will probably enter appearance."

Though for casting gold crowns down upon A really ridiculous ocean Manufactured entirely of glass, I simply haven't a notion. There are some who may love to play harps, And doubtless play them in a fine way.

But I, for my part, much prefer A Bechstein, or Broadwood, or Steinway. In such occupations as these I really can't see where the sense is. Still, I'd better instruct Counsel now To try to prepare some defences."

With that I was whisked up aloft On a kind of impalpable ether! At such an impossible pace That I scarcely had time for a breather.

We came to a gem-studded door, And Gabriel started to kick it, Continuing to do so until An old man put his head through the wicket.

"Come, Peter, bestir your old bones," Cried Gabriel, "Don't ask no questions For keeping us standing over here. Will ruin our lungs and digestions. With these words the door opened wide, And we passed to the Palace of Justice.

Where the floor is all golden and jeweled, And the silver untarnished by rust is; Where a whole crowd of seraphs and such Continually pushes and jostles, And Martyrs and Angels and Saints Hobnob with High Priests and Apostles.

"Oh, Gabriel," I cried to my guide, "Can you tell me where'er in this riot I can find of law-agents a firm Whom I prepare my defences in quiet?"

"Alas," he replied, "since on Earth The lawyers have all the monopoly Of peace-making, justice and truth, And manage the business so sloppily, The Great Lord High Sheriff himself By Act of Sederunt has given The charge of Courts here to the Priests, So there isn't a Lawyer in Heaven."

I was wakened at this point by Mabel, Who said breakfast was now on the table.

—W. G.

CONSISTENT HONESTY.

In the college community, as in any other, there come the temptations to dishonesty and unfair play. The students of the University of California have banded themselves together in what is called the Honor Spirit. In this they have agreed to foster fair play in athletics, to be business-like and exact in handling all student money, and to neither give nor accept aid during an examination.

Some students live by the principle that it is all right to be dishonest, provided they are not caught. On the other hand, many feel that if they do their own work it is not their concern if someone else does not. Just here is where we fail so very noticeably. Surely if there is not a strong sentiment abroad against dishonest practices, rules can never be effective.

To the end that every one of us may realize that each member of the student body is responsible for the prevention of dishonest practices among us, we are to have an Honor Spirit campaign, so that those who are new to the life and ideals of California honor may know the responsibility placed upon them, and that those of us who have been here longer will renew our loyalty to this cause. The honor spirit can only become a splendid reality when each and every one of us live up to the highest and best of California ideals.—Daily Californian.

GET HONORS FROM FRANCE.

The French Government, through President Poincaré, has honored two of the graduates of the R.M.C. Major Henry Poole, D.S.O., of the Royal Artillery, who graduated from the R.M.C. in 1899; and First Lieut. Wheeler, of the Royal Engineers and a graduate of the R.M.C. of 1909, have both been decorated with the Croix de Chevalier.

McGILLIANA

6.—PROF. A. S. EVE.

Major A. S. Eve, Macdonald Professor of Physics, has during the past year and a half given his time to military affairs. He has been connected with the C.O.T.C., in which he was a Captain, and is now senior Major of the 148th Battalion, C.E.F.

He first became interested in military activities when attending Cambridge University, and while there was a member of the Officers' Training Corps, entering into the work with that spirit of zeal which has characterized his work along all lines.

When the war broke out Prof. Eve joined the McGill Contingent, C.O.T.C., being given the command of Platoon 13, "D" Company. On account of his previous experience and ability he was soon appointed Captain and second in command of "D" Company. When the college term closed, the McGill Auxiliary Battalion was formed, and here Capt. Eve was given command of "D" Company. This Battalion was formed to give preliminary training to men who, though not desiring to go overseas, wished to have some knowledge of military affairs. The success of this Auxiliary Battalion was contributed to very considerably by Major Eve and his associate officers.

After Capt. Geo. C. McDonald sailed for England with the Second Universities Company, Major Eve was given command of and authorized to raise and train the Third Universities Company. This Company was raised during the summer months, received its training along with the Auxiliary Battalion, and sailed for England toward the end of September.

According to his own words, the Third Company was only surpassed, both in training and in personnel, by the Fourth Company.

It was a pleasure to listen to the men of the Third and Fourth Companies discussing Major Eve. No O.C. was better liked by his men, nor could any be more solicitous both for the personal welfare, comfort and entertainment of his men.

When Lieut.-Col. Magee received the authorization of the 148th Overseas Battalion, Major Eve was his choice as second in command and senior Major. His appointment was received with delight in military, professional and student circles. His ability as an organizer, together with his scientific knowledge on subjects intimately connected with military strategy, is recognized by all, and it is an assured fact that Major Eve will be esteemed by the men of the 148th in a like manner as he was by the men of the C.O.T.C. and the several University Companies directly under his command.

Arthur Stewart Eve was born November 22, 1862, at Silsoe, Bedfordshire, England, the son of the late J. R. Eve. He was educated at Berkhamstead School, at which school he was exhibitionist. He afterwards proceeded to Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he obtained the honor of "Scholar." He received in 1881 the degree of B.A., at the same time gaining the position of 11th Wrangler. In 1885 he received a first class in the second part of his Science Tripos. From 1886-1902 he was assistant Master of Marlborough College, and from 1897 till 1902 occupied the position of Bursar along with that of Assistant Master.

In 1903 Major Eve came to McGill as lecturer in Mathematics, but soon became Assistant Professor of Physics and Associate Professor in 1909, and now occupies the Macdonald Chair of Physics for McGill University. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada in 1910.

His publications are chiefly connected with work along the lines of radio-activity and ionization, and contributed to the Philosophical Magazine. In 1905, Major A. S. Eve married Elizabeth A. Brook, Arts '04, of Montreal. His family consists of one son and one daughter.

In college Major Eve was always a friend to the students under him, and was another of those professors who are able to exert an influence on his students which extends outside the classroom. Major Eve is very good-natured, and will do anything he is asked. For example, at the Smoker the other night, when Major McKersow was indisposed, Major Eve stepped in and filled the gap, and entertained the crowd at the Smoker for a good period.

A few weeks ago, too, when the C.O.T.C. and 5th Overseas Company were out on manoeuvres at Ste. Anne's, Major Eve, together with Lieut.-Col. Magee, acted as umpires of the work for the day, and, after following the movements of the men all day with the utmost care, helped in giving the final criticism. These are only examples of the willingness with which the Major comes forward to help when he is asked.

One phrase still clings to Major Eve as a relic of the younger days of the C.O.T.C., when the men were more willing than adept and that was the alternative command, "Don't double, Damn it!" which Major Eve hurled after his agile platoon, who were desirous of getting out of the snowdrift at the earliest possible opportunity.

At all events, when the Major goes overseas with his battalion, it will be a great loss to those who were looking forward to taking his subjects and coming into contact with him, and getting the encouragement that he always offered.

GERMANY ON NAVAL SITUATION

Berlin, Germany.—A review in the Berliner Tageblatt by Captain Persius of the naval situation at the close of 1915 contained some interesting passages.

Throughout the year, the writer began, the situation at sea had remained unchanged, the ships of the line on both sides having for the most part sought the protection of their harbors, while such encounters as had taken place had been between lighter vessels, such as cruisers, torpedo-boats and submarines. The importance of sea power, he wrote, has been almost entirely eliminated in the eyes of the superficial observer; but in reality the fleets play many an important role behind the scenes. In the north, without abandoning its "strategy of restraint," the British fleet has exercised domination over the commercial over-sea routes not only of Germany, but of the Netherlands and the Scandinavian states, the pressure of which has made itself felt on our economic life, as well as on our ability to procure provisions and raw materials from neutral countries. Our fleet, played a similar part with regard to Russia by its supremacy in the Baltic. Austria-Hungary and Turkey were likewise cut off from communication with over-sea countries by the enemy's domination of the Mediterranean. Just as in the north, however, the German fleet in the Baltic crippled Russia's world trade, a similar result was achieved in the south by means of the Turkish fortifications at the Dardanelles.

The main influence, the German writer continued, that our "fleet in being," that is, our available, but inactive squadrons of battleships, have contrived to exercise is that they have preserved intact the harbors, whether strategic or commercial, of both Germany and Austria-Hungary. The hostile forces have not dared to approach our coasts in great strength for fear of attack from large battleships supported by submarines, coast fortifications and mines, with the consequent risk, if not of destruction, at least of the infliction of such injuries as would perhaps be disproportionate to the success obtained. The enemy's goal still remains the complete destruction of his opponent's fleet and naval bases.

Turning to the subject of the submarine campaign, Captain Persius wrote: The work of the submarine has been followed with the greatest interest during the past year. The U-boats jeopardized to some extent the supremacy claimed by specific fleets in the different seas. In the North Sea and in English waters, for instance, German U-boats during the

first half of the year menaced hostile, and particularly English commerce. In the Mediterranean, Entente shipping has latterly been severely hampered by German and Austro-Hungarian U-boats, while British submarines can boast of some success in the Baltic. It has not been possible to surmount entirely the submarine danger. That could be done only by making it impossible for such craft to obtain supplies or effect repairs, and especially by cutting off the supply of oil fuel. To this end the hostile fleet would have to deal a decisive blow, and such a blow has not so far been delivered either in northern or southern European waters.

Just as the land war in the west has come to a standstill in the trenches and battles are no longer fought, so it has been at sea. The trenches, which offer a position of defence that appears as a rule impracticable for large forces to attack, have their counterpart at sea in the shape of submarines and mines. Both of these build a wall around the great battleships that can be broken through only at the sacrifice of much costly material. Our opponents have hitherto fought shy of such a risk. We ourselves, in view of the strength of the hostile fleet, cannot think of provoking an encounter on the high seas. As before, our endeavor must be to weaken the enemy by the pin pricks of the submarines, especially with regard to his commerce, as well as by small attacks, until perhaps a favorable opportunity offers for an undertaking on a large scale, such as is longed for by our entire navy.

Nowadays, the naval erkie went on, one frequently hears views as to the effectiveness of our U-boats that bear little resemblance to those expressed a year ago. Then, unfortunately, hopes were inflated, owing to a disregard of facts which the informed expert indeed perceived, but which remained concealed from the layman. To-day the results of the entire submarine campaign lie revealed, published in official quarters, and every one can judge for himself to what extent those results correspond to his expectations, and how far they are capable of undermining the enemy's resistance. . . . The enemy has lost in all 743 merchantmen with a total tonnage of 1,447,628; 624 of these, with a total tonnage of 1,231,944, having belonged to the British merchant service. That means, according to estimates made in competent quarters, a loss of 5.9 per cent. of the total tonnage of the British merchant service before the war. We must, however, take into consideration the fresh supply of ships produced by the indefatigable industry in British docks, as well as the purchase of neutral vessels and the seizure of

enemy merchantmen. It is well not to estimate too highly the enemy's losses in merchantmen. For the future we cherish the expectation that these will be increased by the success of our submarines with their ever-growing number and improved efficiency.

The same argument, Capt. Persius concluded, applied to the enemy's losses in war vessels. With regard to these also, he wrote, it must not be forgotten that the gaps have been rapidly filled, that is, that the enemy has been able to launch a large number of men-of-war of all classes during the past year. It must, therefore, be clearly understood that our opponents are today considerably stronger at sea than at the outbreak of war. Whether in the course of the further development of the situation an appreciable advantage will accrue to them from their superior strength at sea, the future will show. We cherish the hope that that will not be the case.

DR. LIMA BEFORE HISTORICAL CLUB

Brazilian Leader Gives Address on "The Monroe Doctrine" to Harvard Students.

Before the History Club of Harvard University Dr. Manoel de Oliveira Lima, who recently ended his service at Harvard as first exchange Professor from South America, discussed "The Monroe Doctrine," dealing with its applicability to the entire American continent. Dr. Lima, who is one of Brazil's foremost diplomats, soon ends his sojourn in the United States and returns to his residence in London.

He is Minister from Brazil to Belgium, Japan, Sweden, Venezuela and Peru. In 1898 he was Secretary of the Brazilian Embassy in Washington. He is an honorary member of the Royal Society of Literature of England, being the organization's South American member, and is honorary member of the Society of Sciences and Letters of Rio de Janeiro. After his lecture at Harvard he was elected honorary member of the Harvard History Club.

Dr. Lima's address was that given before the Fall River Board of Trade and reported in The Christian Science Monitor. He expressed his belief in the Monroe Doctrine if it can be developed into a policy for the entire American continent, ceasing to be a doctrine of the United States exclusively.

He also said: "The best proof that the responsibilities and advantages of the doctrine were never identical for the whole continent lies in the circumstance that the United States reserved for itself the right of selecting the occasion or pretext of its application, according to its own interest."

"The other Republics, if they appealed to the United States, could never be sure it would be answered. The American Government has no positive obligation toward the other Governments of the continent. Its engagements are purely moral; it is the only judge of its interventions."

"The Monroe Doctrine raises objections to an independent proceeding on the part of South American countries. Your diplomats down there seldom speak of the doctrine; they know how unwelcome it would be. Those at home who quote in every speech and in every article Monroe and his message do not realize how they embarrass the work toward a good and permanent understanding between the United States and the Latin-American nations."

NEW POEM A LA "BIGELOW PAPERS"

The President of Union College Writes Fine Poem, "Brother Jonathan."

Dr. Richmond, well known as President of Union College, at Schenectady, N.Y., is the author of the following verses written in the vein of James Russell Lowell's "Bigelow Papers." The poem was read by Dr. Richmond with telling effect at the recent dinner of the Real Estate Board of New York City:

BROTHER JONATHAN.

(By Chas. Alexander Richmond.)

Brother Jonathan sat by the kitchen fire,

Nursin' his foot on his knee.

"It's a terrible fight they're havin' out there,

But they can't give over to me."

And Jonathan jingled the coins in his ban

An' thanked the good God for the sea.

"They'll be wantin' my cattle an' hogs an' corn,

An' powder and guns, mebbe, But they'll pay on the nail! cash down by gun,

For all they git from me."

An' he smiled kinder slow and jingled the coins,

"It's good for business," sez 'e.

"They're killin' 'em off like flies, they say,

They can't blame it onto me. It ain't my war, yet I do feel bad For them poor Belgians," sez 'e.

And he took a few dollars out of his jeans

And sent it across the sea.

Then he heard they drowned a thousand men,

And some from Amerikee. So he said right out, "If you do that ag'in

You'll get me mad," sez 'e.

enemy merchantmen. It is well not to estimate too highly the enemy's losses in merchantmen. For the future we cherish the expectation that these will be increased by the success of our submarines with their ever-growing number and improved efficiency.



THEY'RE WORTH SHOUTING ABOUT!

Goodwin's \$3.95 Boots for Men.

They'll give as good service and are just as comfortable and as smart as any five dollar shoe you ever wore. Sizes and styles for every taste and every foot. \$3.95 Pair.

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AMUSEMENTS

This Week
MATS. WED. 25c, THUR. & SAT. 25c, FRI. 25c, SAT. 25c. GEO. F. DRISCOLL Presents

The Story of The Rosary

Walter Howard's Remarkable Drama of Love and War.

AUSPICES BATT-148th-ALION

PRINCESS TO-NIGHT AT 8.15. MATS. WED.-SAT. The Smartest Musical Comedy of the Year. "NOBODY HOME" Prices: Box, 50c to \$1.50. Mats. 50c to 81c. NEXT WEEK—SEATS THURSDAY. The Sensational Musical Comedy "The Only Girl" Success.

ORPHEUM

Daily Mats. 15-25c — Nights, 15-75c. Seven Money Box Minstrels Lillian Shaw, Bert Levy, Francis Nordstrom, William Pink, Holmes & Buchanan, McLeelan & Carson. Sunday Feature Concerts—2 and 7 p.m.

GAYETY

THIS WEEK MIDNIGHT MAIDENS With PETE CURLEY

IMPERIAL

TO-DAY Metro Film Company Presents

GRACE ELLISTON in

Black Fear

One of the Sensations of the Season of Filmland.

An' he kept on jinglin' the coins in his ban

An' thankin' God for the sea.

They did it ag'in, and then ag'in. "You quit that now," sez 'e.

"I'll give you fellers a piece o' my mind

If I get hol' o' ye."

An' he winks one eye, with his tongue in his cheek;

"I'm too proud to fight," sez 'e.

Then they go to plottin' an' blowin' up things,

An' he sez: "You let me be. I won't stand these furrin' tricks o' yours"

In this here land o' the free."

And it got old Jonathan all het up, An' he took his foot from his knee.

An' he got to thinkin' and thinkin' hard,

Worryin' how it would be, An' wonderin' what in Sam Hill he'd do

If some pesky enemy With all them dreadnoughts and submarines Came a'rippin' across the sea.

An' he thought of the army he wished he had,

An' he reckoned up his navy. "I guess I've set here long enough. I'll have to get busy," sez 'e.

But the last I saw he was a-stittin' there yit

An' stroking his long goatie. It ain't no time to be settin' round, I kin tell ye—no sice, He better be gettin' up out o' that cheer

An' git outdoors an' see An' do his chores an' fix things up The way they oughter be.

He might be helpin' those cousins o' hisn

To fight for liberty.

An' he might git in a few licks hisself

Jes' for humanity.

Anyhow, I wish

STIRRING DESCRIPTION OF AFTER YPRES.

The darkness still hangs over our trenches and there is the dull noise of the pick and shovel; the damage done by shells of the day before is being repaired; fresh sand bags are being filled, ready for the morning "Hymn of Hate" that is sure to come. Here and there we see the dull glow of the charcoal fire in a brazier, made from an empty biscuit tin, and there is the odor of tea and chocolate coming faintly on the listless breeze. Now comes a murmur down from the left, and, without hearing the words as yet, we know that the night is about over. "Stand to!" comes from the man at the end of the traverse and we pass it on. There is the click of bayonets being tested and the breeches of the rifles are looked to in order that we may be prepared for a rush from the trenches a short distance in front. Faint sounds over there indicate that our enemies are doing the same.

As the night has been very chilly, the rum ration is issued. A little distance away I hear a man saying to the sergeant issuing the allowance: "I say, sergeant, don't get your finger too deep in the measure, it takes up too much valuable space." Near me is a lad of about nineteen who eagerly swallows his; all night he had been pacing around the trench and doing "sentry go" for some of his pals in order that he may be kept busy and forget the pain. Two days before a shrapnel hit his cheek and lodged there; the wound had been dressed, and when the doctor's back was turned, he left the dressing station and came back to the trenches instead of going out to hospital. The second battle of Ypres was still on, three-quarters of the battalion were gone, and he felt that every man was needed. I shall always remember that boy. He was nerve-shaken, tired, and in pain. Fourteen days of terrible fighting without rest had made him realize the danger, and, realizing it, still he stuck to his place in the ranks, when he might have gone back and rested outside the fire zone. This is the bravery that has given Canadians a reputation that will long outlive those who helped to make it. Dawn has come at last, and with it a mist that renders artillery fire difficult, so there is more than the usual quietness for this time of the day; everyone is busy preparing breakfast; and there is the pleasant sound of frying bacon with the all-pervading odor of onions and coffee, which go along with the bread, cheese and jam to make up a fine trench meal. War seems rather far away, the sun is up somewhere glistening in the mist, and the birds are singing most beautifully. Taking advantage of the calm and the mist, numbers of men are going down the bank in rear to stretch their legs and converse with their pals in other sections, or with the French who are just to our left. There is always, too, the opportunity to do a little trading in wine, cigarettes, and French bread, which is in long loaves like cordwood and tastes like the kind that mother used to make.

Breakfast is scarcely finished when the mist begins to clear away and the men return to their dugouts, knowing full well that something will be doing very soon. We are not kept waiting very long. Somewhere above we can hear the hum of an aeroplane and we all get under cover so that the observer may not be able to tell whether our trench is strongly manned or not. This time, however, it is one of

our own, and we get out to watch his progress; soon the white, fluffy bursts of smoke appear around it, and there comes the faint report of the bursting shell; however, by clever dodging he manages to complete his flight and return with reports to headquarters, some miles in rear.

The morning "Hymn of Hate" has started. There is the waspish snap of a "whizz-bang" just clearing our parapet and bursting in the field in rear; this is closely followed by others, and the mud begins to fly around us, but no damage is done other than that which can be repaired very quickly. Now comes a different note and a "Weary Willie" drones its way over our heads; this is not its destination, however, and away in the rear we see a huge burst of black smoke, and a few seconds after the tremendous boom of the explosion is heard. Others are now hitting all over the countryside. Our own batteries are in action, the uproar is deafening, but still in the midst of it all we can pick out the various kinds of shell,—the rumbling roar of the "Jack Johnson," the adult sighing of the "Big Willie," the childish whine of a "Little Willie," the metallic clang of a bursting shrapnel and the swish! swish! swish! in quick succession as the shells from a French seventy-five speed over our heads about fifty feet up; trees and buildings seem suddenly to fall to pieces and vanish in the smoke cloud, a shell bursts in the canal in front of us and there is a miniature cloud-burst. Water falls all around us, and our dugouts shake and threaten to fall to pieces while the thunder-claps of the big guns in the immediate rear make us dizzy with their concussion. Then comes a shriek, most awful, and it seems to embody the spirit of the enemy's hatred. It is only the loose driving band of a six-inch shell, but it seems to be the climax of this inferno of sound.

The violence of the duel abates and settles down to the long range fire of heavy guns. The towns and important points are receiving the attention of our own and the enemy's batteries, and aeroplanes of both sides are out, but ours seem to assert their superiority and drive the others in. We can follow the courses of the various planes by the downy balls of smoke where they have been subject to fire. Over to our left is Ypres, and who among us shall ever forget it. That mass of ruins that once was a beautiful city with its quaint houses and masterpieces of mediaeval architecture, now gradually crumbling to pieces. Ypres; and oh! the pictures it brings up before us and the mixed feelings of pride, sorrow, and the bitter hatred of the "Kultur" that has turned this garden into a blood-soaked ruin.

The thoughts do not last long. New things break in constantly. And now the beginning of a battle above our heads proves a fresh source of interest. A Boche plane is coming over our lines, and when above us drops a bomb on our dressing station, wounding our doctor. But revenge is coming quickly. Up behind a cloud is one of our machines keeping out of the sight of the German and constantly gaining elevation; suddenly it sweeps down on the enemy like a hawk on its prey, there is the sharp rattle of a machine-gun, the Hun wavers and disappears into the cloud to re-appear in a few seconds, diving nose down to the earth, and is smashed to pieces on the road about half a mile from us. There is a cheer from our trench, and then

we look for fresh interest, or turn in for a bit of a sleep.

Thus the day wears on until about five o'clock, when the evening nate commences and lasts for a couple of hours. To-night it seems a little more severe than usual, and while we are still thinking about it there comes the faint odor of gas with the stinging sensation in the eyes and air passages. Over to the right the cloud is rolling along, dull red at the bottom changing to a green at the top. The word comes along to "stand to," and we improvise respirators out of handkerchiefs and sleeping caps, and make ready in case the attack is directed against us.

This time, however, fortune favors us; the wind changes, driving the fumes back along the German trenches, smothering the occupants and driving them out. Their flight is so hurried that their communicating trench is filled very quickly, and many break out across the open. As the cloud rolls on, they are exposed to the direct fire of our field and machine guns. The gas cloud is superseded by one of shell smoke, and the escaping Boches are cut down by the score.

In the excitement three of us get about the parapet and watch through our glasses. A shell bursts over us but we do not hear it. The first thing I know is the fall of the centre man against me as he tumbled into the trench. I get down to assist in dressing him, while the third still remains up until pulled down; he has two cuts along the back of his jacket from shrapnel bullets, but otherwise is untouched.

The war of the artillery still continues, and about seven o'clock we get the order to "stand to." All are now on the alert in readiness for any move on the part of the enemy, but no attack is made, and half an hour after dark "as by night" is passed along, the pick and shovel are busy again; fatigue parties are told off to bring up food, water and ammunition, the trenches are inspected by the C.O., and we settle down for the night work.

A flare goes up, spreading its ghastly light over all, another and then whole bunches of them. Now and again the rattle of a machine-gun breaks out and the bullets "ping" over our heads, or go "phutt" into the earth.

The road behind our trench, a deserted place in the daylight, is now crowded with traffic, ambulances, gun limbers, water carts, supply wagons and troops relieving or being relieved, and every little while a shell spreads destruction over it. But the work goes on as though nothing had happened, the men and guns must be fed at any cost and casualties are part of the day's events. Our work is soon finished to-night and the men collected around the braziers, smoke and talk over things of to-day and the probabilities of to-morrow. A corporal has just come in, after being absent since the night of the big charge—four days ago—and he is recounting his story of having found a German machine gun with ammunition, and of his having used it against its former owners. Since that time he had been with an English unit and at last found his own battalion. His story is a thrilling one, told without frills, there is no need for any, the plain facts are stirring enough.

Thus the night goes on and the day dawns, that is to bring forth, What? Who knows? who knows?

Lieut. Nichols, C.E.F.



University Companies Reinforcing the "Princess Patricia's"

From East and West they're rallying, these keen young college men, to uphold the glorious record of the fighting "Princess Pats". Taught by the experience of the boys already at the Front, those training now all have—or want—a

GILLETTE Safety Razor

It's a favorite gift from those left behind, for it means to the boys more real comfort and satisfaction than you could ensure for them in almost any other way. So if you graduated so long ago that you cannot go overseas yourself, in the name of your Alma Mater send a Gillette to some brave lad who can.

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The Crest of the University Overseas Companies

Reinforcing the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry

No. 1 Company
Raised by Capt. Greger Barclay, and

No. 2 Company
Raised by Capt. George McDonald, both part of the "Princess Pats", with the Canadian Divisions at the Front.

No. 3 Company
Raised by Capt. Eve. Now reported in France.

No. 4 Company
Raised by Capt. Eve. Still training in England.

No. 5 Company
Now being trained by Major McKegow in Montreal.

No. 6 Company
Now recruiting.

Recruiting Offices:
Molson Hall,
McGill University,
Montreal.

QUEER SIGHTS AROUND CAIRO

Cameron Sully With Queen's Hospital Sends Details.

VERY POOR SANITATION

Hospital Treats Many Cases of Disease Resulting From Unhealthy Conditions.

Many and varied are the sights which the Canadian boys, who have left with one or other of the overseas contingents, witness as the days go by. The following letter was received by Mrs. F. T. Webster, Billings' Bridge, from a young Ottawa, Cameron Sully, who is with the Queen's Hospital at the Abbassieh Barracks, Cairo. He gives a vivid word picture of the scenes to be witnessed in the streets of the city daily. He says in part:

"You were asking about some of the customs of the people and seemed doubtful that the women used the toilets for a rubbish pile. It is a fact, they do in cases where they make any effort to keep rubbish off the yard and street. As a rule, though, 'As the rubbish falleth, so it lieth.'"

"We were given 1 1/2 hours' leave to see Alexandria as we were disembarking there, and it was a kind of shock to see some of the worse streets with refuse of all kinds decaying everywhere. Some had caught fish and simply cleaned and sealed them at the door on the street and there it was left."

"Yes, we try sometimes to imagine Anthony and Cleopatra. I imagine his taste was different in nature. I'd be more likely to be charmed by a Josephine than a Cleopatra. There are a lot of French in Cairo, you know."

"I used to watch for the poisonous snake, but the only snakes I have ever seen are in the zoological gardens. 'As for the climate, well, it is extremely fine. Parasols are used by both men and women, but no one carries an umbrella; it never rains. They say it rained once last December. We hope there will be a shower this year. I never wear a coat unless discipline demands it. It is perfect weather now, and not hot. Still it is very unhealthy and a large part of the hospital work is for sickness. This is due to the sanitary conditions in general, I believe. The flies have such a perfect organization, that you are never without a few trying to gain entrance to your mouth. Try to imagine how flies try to get on the catfishes and then consider that each fly may carry 1,000 germs or more."

"Of course you know that polygamy prevails here. My chum and I nearly had a fit the other day when we saw a man with his four wives and twelve small fishes (I mean children), packed on a small two-wheeled, flat topped cart, drawn by a small donkey. I don't know how they all stayed on, but the oldest kid was only about 12 years of age. Of course they may have lost two or three of the little brownies then. As a rule, the husband takes his wives out on these carts. He walks along and whips the donkey. The women always dress in black, which usually looks neat. The dress has something of a cape, which hangs from the head down over the shoulders as you might throw a shawl over your head. The veil, as you know, covers the lower half of their faces, and may be either black or white. It

is surprising how well they look when they are well dressed in what you might call their uniform. The men wear the gay colors. The better class of men dress in fine suits such as an American might wear. They often wear the English straw hat, but usually the characteristic Fez or tabboueh.

"The poorer classes of these people are like animals in their nature. Here is an example of them: There are several garbage cans in sight of me here. Frequently some of these creatures come to these cans and eat the scraps of bread and meat they may be able to find there. Apparently, it is more dainty for the dirt that may be on it. I hope these things will not disgust you too much, but you wanted to know what the people were like. Civilization dates back to 5,000 or 6,000 B.C. here."

"Last Sunday I was off for the day and I went out for a second look at the Pyramids and Sphinx (the guides call it Spink-iss)."

"There is an army of guides, donkey-men, and camel-men around the Pyramids. From the time you get on the train to go there until the time you start to go back, you have no peace for them. If I go again I'll take a machine gun to clear the way of these pests. When you are new at the business, you usually hire guides and donkeys and camels and get 'done' for about seven shillings before you are through. They are most expert swindlers."

"I walked part way back that day, so as to see one of the native villages of mud houses. I went all through it, and was an object of great curiosity to the little gypsies. A swarm of them followed me about as I saw the sights of their town. I aroused the same curiosity as an African animal would. If it got loose and walked up Bank street. Not to be too critical of the native village of Egypt, it will be quite in order to say that as far as I could make out, the sanitary inspector was off on a vacation, had been for some time I guess. For that reason I had to overlook a few trifles in sanitation."

"We have a pretty good hospital and are kept busy. A lot of our patients are Scots. You should hear them talk. One talked to me for fifteen minutes last night and I did not understand him at all."

MACNAGHTEN CONTEST.

Next Meeting of the Lit. will be Held on March 6th.

The next meeting of the Literary and Debating Society will take the form of the Chester Macnaghten reading contest. This meeting will be held on March 6, and later, on March 16, the Reford cup contest will take place. The Chester Macnaghten contest was originated by Mr. Chester Macnaghten, who donated a prize of \$25 to be given in books of the winner's choice to the student who is judged to have given the best reading in the contest.

Three pieces must be read by each candidate. One piece is read by all, while the other two may be chosen by the student, one in prose, the other in poetry. The total time allowed is 15 minutes for each contestant. The second competition in public speaking for the Reford cup usually takes the form of a debate on a question of public interest announced on the morning of the contest. The prize is awarded to the speaker who individually presents his case in the most convincing manner either for or against the question, without reference to the other competitors speaking on the same side. The name of the winner is inscribed on the Reford cup, which is presented by Mrs. Reford for annual competition.

C.O.T.C. ORDERS FOR THE WEEK

Orderly Officers: Capt. B. H. Porteous, Lieut. U. H. Balm.

MANY MEN ARE ENLISTING

Men from "B" and "D" Companies Receive Commissions in Various Overseas Units.

BATTALION ORDERS NO. 16, by

LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT STARKE, O.C., McGill Contingent, C.O.T.C.
Montreal, February 26th, 1916.
Detail.

To be Orderly Officers for week ending March 4th, 1916:

Captain—B. H. Porteous.
Lieutenant—C. H. Balm.

Next for duty:
Captain—F. S. B. Howard.
Lieutenant—R. C. Beattie.

To be Battalion Orderly Sergeant:
Sergeant J. B. Wardly.
Next for duty:
Sergeant C. E. H. Phillips.

Parades.

The Battalion will parade as follows during week ending March 4th, 1916:
Tuesday, February 29th:
Students, 4.15 p.m.
Non-Students, 7.15 p.m.
Thursday, March 2nd, 7.45 p.m.
Saturday, March 4th, 2.45 p.m.
Transfer.

The following man has been transferred as shown:

697 Kennedy, W. G., from "D" to "B" Company.

Struck Off Strength.

The following men have been struck off the strength of the Battalion from date, for cause shown:

163 Hawker, G. A., "A" Co., resigned.
207 Woolley, E. S., Scouts, enlisting in Eng. Training Depot.
409 Micklethwaite, J. D., "B" Co., leaving city.

615 Stratton, C. R., "B" Co., enlisting in R.C.G.A.
731 MacLean, H. D., "D" Co., commission in R.S.I., Halifax.

519 Turrell, R. T., "D" Co., enlisting 9th Field Ambulance.

179 Wallace, A. L., "B" Co., enlisting R.C.H.A.

523 Cobbett, H. R., "B" Co., commission in 17th Hussars.

637 Morewood, R. H., "D" Co., commission in 171st Battalion, C.E.F.

By order,
J. C. SIMPSON,
Captain.

Adjutant, McGill Cont. C.O.T.C.

FOURTH YEAR SCIENCE RESULTS.

The Faculty of Applied Science announces the following fourth year examination results in Geodetic Field Work:

Class I—Bone, Gibbs, Bailey, Fairweather and West, equal.

Class II—Lindsay, Milne, Lutz and McNeill, equal; Ryan; Cruickfield; Laffoy and MacLachlan, equal; Kirkpatrick, Neilson, Routhwaite and Shuen, equal; Bangs, Sproule, Brown, Alberg.

Class III—Hutchison; Binks and Marchbank, equal; Nehin; Monat.

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THE IMPERIAL.

The chief attraction to-day and to-morrow is a Metro production entitled "The Black Fear," in which the accomplished dramatic actress, Grace Elliston, is supported by Grace Valentine, Edward Brennan, Paul Everston, John Tansey, the boy actor, and many other well-known artists. "Black Fear" deals with the subject of the drug curse, but this delicate subject is so well handled that it not only gives a valuable lesson, but makes an interesting and entertaining picture.

On Friday and Saturday, John Barrymore will be seen at his best in the Famous Player production of "Nearly a King." This production, which was written specially for Mr. Barrymore, gives him the greatest opportunity of his motion picture career to display the thousand and one comic sides of his talented nature, which has made him a prime favorite since his introduction to the film world by the Famous Player Company.

BASKETBALL STAR BANNED.

Joe Ashmead, Cornell's crack basketball guard, has been placed on probation by the Faculty, and was unable to play against Columbia in New York. Ashmead's loss is a serious blow to the Cornell team.

CHEMICAL COLLOQUIUM.

The regular Colloquium in Chemistry will be held in the Chemistry Building to-day, at 5 o'clock. Mr. A. B. Haw will read a paper entitled "Copper Complexes of Amino Acids." Any members of the University who may be interested are cordially invited to attend.

The Royal Military College of Canada

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government Institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to Cadets and Officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 12 months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras is about \$500.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military divisions areas and districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, applications should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College Kingston, Ont.

M.C. 94-5
12-15-1915

RUSSIAN HEROINE TRICKS GERMANS

Disarms and Ties Up a Whole German Detachment Single-Handed.

Among a party of Letts who have succeeded in escaping from a village in Courland, Russia, now occupied by the Germans, is a girl of seventeen, who has been rewarded, for a great deed of bravery, with the St. George's Cross.

A small German detachment marched on to the farm owned by this girl's father. Sentries were left outside to keep watch on a hill quite close, while the rest entered the house and prepared to have a good time. The young German lieutenant turned to the girl, with the order to get wine at any cost, as their supply had run short. She was told that unless she fulfilled the order the house would be set on fire and she herself subjected to violence.

There were two barrels of heavy liqueur, made of spirit and berries, in the cellar, and a bright idea struck the girl. Before giving them the cordials, she dropped into it some powder, made of bluebells, which brings on heavy drowsiness. The first barrel was soon emptied, and the demand

LIEUT. NEWCOMBE BETTER.

Lieut. E. Newcombe, of the Princess Patricia's, who was wounded about a week ago, has been reported to be out of danger. Lieut. Newcombe commands the platoon in which there are many McGill boys.

came for more. The second barrel contained a double portion of the powder, and the Germans soon began to roll onto the floor, one after another. Seeing her enemies helpless round the barrels, she filled a bowl with the liqueur, took it out to the sentries, who stood freezing in the cold, and gave it to them to drink, incidentally mentioning that she was fulfilling the officer's orders. She then returned to the house and carefully disarmed the soldiers, who, sunk in heavy slumber, lay about in different attitudes, and hid their weapons deep in the cellar. Meantime her father was fastening with ropes the limbs of the insensible Germans.

Having accomplished her task with the prisoners, the girl proceeded to find her way out to the Russian positions. Following forest paths and making her way through swamps, she finally reached a Siberian outpost.

"I have disarmed and tied up 20 German soldiers and one officer. Hasten and take them prisoners," were the excited words with which the girl addressed the head officer of the Siberian Rifles.

The soldiers were amazed at the audacity of the young Lett, and could hardly believe her story. However, she persuaded them to follow her, and when they reached the farm they found the Germans still fast locked in their drunken sleep. Several pails of ice-cold water flung in the faces of the sleepers soon roused them to the grim realities of their situation. To their bewilderment, they found that they were no longer soldiers of the German army, but prisoners of the Russians.

TWENTY-ONE JOIN 148TH BATTALION

Interesting Window Display of 148th Equipment at Holt, Renfrew & Co., Ltd.

As is usual at the beginning of the week, the number enlisting with the 148th Battalion on Monday showed considerable increase, 21 men being sworn in. This number passed the medical officer out of 26 applying, an unusually high percentage.

An interesting window display is being made by the 148th at Holt, Renfrew & Co., Ltd., 401 St. Catherine street west. There is exhibited the complete outfit of a private in the 148th, including the daily rations received by each man. In addition to this is shown a Colt machine gun. The entire background of the window is taken up by an enormous poster depicting the need for more men.

Amongst the men taken on Monday are:

G. Crawshaw, of Montreal, who has two brothers with the Heavy Artillery and one with the 23rd Battery.

J. Davidson, Marion Station, Que., who has one brother with the Scots Guards, one brother with the Gordon Highlanders, and one brother with the Royal Navy.

L. J. Holden, Sutton, who was two years with the 13th Scottish Dragoons. He has one brother with the 87th Battalion.

A. Price, Montreal, who has two brothers with the British army and one son already with the 148th.

W. E. Dow, Sutton, who was three years with No. 6 Field Ambulance.

W. Smith, Quebec, who was 12 years with the Royal Engineers.

Edmund DeGrenier, Knowlton.
D. Corrie, Westmount.
J. Webber, Montreal.
R. Holzberg, Montreal.
G. H. Hurley, Montreal.



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ALLIES HAVE EDGE ON HUNS

"Trench Fever" is Just "Grippe"
—Enemy Shells Unceasingly.

TORONTONIAN IN R.A.M.C.

Writes Interestingly of Experiences Undergone at the Front in Trenches.

Interesting trench experiences are related in the following letter, written by a Torontonian serving with the Royal Army Medical Corps, and just received by his family here:

"I have just had my annual attack of grippe, only I struck the real thing here, which is where 'la grippe' landed in Europe about twenty years ago, or more. It got me a week ago, and on Saturday I went to bed with fever and glorious pains and headache. I had to stay in bed Sunday and Monday, but got up on Tuesday, as my temperature was normal, and went over to the mess foolishly for a bite to eat, and had a relapse of fever on Wednesday, when I had to get back to bed again. However, I got up for a while yesterday, and am feeling O.K. to-day, though I haven't been out yet. I am going to be more careful, and treat it with more respect, as it is evidently a hold, bad bug. I was out in the trenches the day before I took sick. My feet got soaking wet, and we had a long ride home, so that helped to give the bug an opening. As a matter of fact, what they call 'trench fever' is simply grippe of the real old-fashioned type, and not a new disease at all.

"I must now tell you about our expeditions to the trenches. Our major wanted us to see something of how the other field ambulances were conducting their work, and he also wanted to send 100 field dressings to one of the regiments of our brigade. So the three Canadians in the unit volunteered to go together, as the major and two of the other fellows had been visiting a couple of clearing hospitals a few days before, and we thought it was our turn to see something. He also wanted to get supplies in a big town near the front which we had not been able to get in other places.

"The three of us started out about 9 a.m. with an orderly in a motor ambulance, and rode about twenty miles, till we struck the big town.

"We had to leave the ambulance at a cross-roads in the town and walk the rest of the way. The town had been heavily shelled, and was practically deserted, except for troops, and the houses were all more or less in ruins. Here and there some of the houses were still occupied by the inhabitants, or by the troops billeted in them, but there were very few that did not show the effects of shell-fire, and nearly all the windows were broken. Some houses were almost completely destroyed, while near them others were comparatively little damaged. This was a thickly built-up place—houses in rows continuously just like old parts of London or Toronto. Troops were passing constantly on the streets and occasionally the Germans would send a few big shells into the town, though not on this day. We walked along trying to find our headquarters, and being several times misdirected, until we came pretty near to the end of the houses beside a huge coal dump, where a big coal mine was. We had been told by an officer that the Germans generally planted a few shells into it every day just to make it uncomfortable as an observation point, and we were rather startled when we heard a tremendous report quite close

to us, and then another shortly afterwards. Then we saw that they were from a battery of our big guns firing from quite near the wood, barely fifty yards away. They were 4.7s, and we watched them firing in turn about four rounds each. Then another battery near began to fire so many rounds, and then another; and all that evening they kept it up. They certainly made some racket, fairly making the drums of one's ears tingle. We could hear the rush and scream of the shell as it left the gun for the German lines, the note getting lower as it became more distant. There was no reply at all from the Germans, and certainly we must have a tremendous superiority in heavy guns, and ammunition to burn, as the big guns around there must have fired at least a couple of hundred rounds that evening without any reply from the Germans. However, last Thursday and the four following days the Germans woke up, and shelled this very place, fairly leveling the whole town to the ground. Dressing station, brigade headquarters, billets, etc., had to be evacuated in a hurry, and everybody had to clear out from the very place we were in that afternoon.

"It was quiet enough that afternoon, except for our own guns firing. By the big mine I have mentioned there was a high brick wall, and it was largely demolished by shells. There were places where a big round hole had been torn in it, leaving a regular archway. The houses by the side of the road were mere skeletons, and some were almost completely demolished. There was very heavy fighting here last fall.

"Well, we wandered on and found the headquarters of another brigade, and they directed us to our own brigade, which we found at last. We met the general in command of the brigade and one of his staff. And as he wanted to visit the trenches and the regiments where we had to leave the first field dressings, he thought it would be a good idea if we gave him a lift in our motor ambulance. So we walked back some distance to where we had left our ambulance, at the limit of motor traffic in the day time, and started off by a roundabout road, which, however, was the only one we could use. We went through a town with fine residences on both sides of the road, not much demolished, but here and there showing marks of shell fire. About half way to our destination one of the springs of the ambulance broke, and we had to get out and hunt for a piece of plank to shove it up, which we finally found, and started off again. B—, one of our officers, said he would stay behind to lighten the ambulance, and wait for us. We left him and the orderly and finally got to a point, beyond which the driver said, it would be risky to go in our car, as in case of another spring giving way, they would have to bring the workshop car out and patch us up under possible shell fire.

"We went to an advanced dressing station to borrow another ambulance, and when we got to where we had left the general, we found that he had commandeered a car going home and had gone back. But he left his guide behind to guide us into the trenches. The limit of motor and wheeled traffic in the day time was only about 100 yards farther on, so we had to walk. It was then a little after four o'clock and about to get dusk, with a full moon just going to rise, so S—, the other Canadian officer, and the guide and I started off carrying the dressings, five big packages of them. We walked along a road, turned to the left, crossed a deserted railroad on a bridge of sandbags, and then turned straight towards the trenches along a fine broad road, with demolished and battered houses on all sides.

"It was getting dark now, and the full moon was rising over the German lines. We were hidden from direct rifle fire, but within easy range of shrapnel or gun fire, if they had thought us worth while, but, of course,

Germany and Russia: A Comparison

The Germans have their own atrocious grievances against the Russian Cossacks, whose doings in Eastern Prussia in the fall of 1914 must console them when too many unpleasant truths are being said about Belgian atrocities. Very likely the charges against these wild Russian tribesmen are true. They have a reputation for ferocity. But remembering what went on in Belgium and northern France in the summer of 1914, one has somehow less interest in the reprehensible activities of Cossack raiders, in spite of the well-known axiom that two wrongs do not make one right. Germans have always feared Russian "barbarism." An old folk saying with which to quiet children used in Prussia not over fifty years ago was, "The Cossacks are coming!" It is an antipathy that must go back to remote causes in a time when the two peoples were more nearly on a "kultur" level than latterly.

German statesmen seem to have kept alive this almost unreasoning terror of the vast "undisciplined hordes" ever ready, as they imagine or tell their people, to pour over Germany from the dark east. Some wise men think it was this instinctive fear of Russia, of what she might be plotting, what she might be able to accomplish, that stirred Germany to egg Austria on into this war. "If Russia were allowed to complete those strategic railroads in Poland already under way, if Russia reorganized and improved her army, if Russia developed another ten years in industrial ways as she has developed in the past ten," etc., etc. We all know this sort of hypothetical argument. I do not pretend to understand the rights of the question. It is plain enough that Germany hates and despises her great neighbor—fears the sheer weight of her population in too close proximity as a dangerous influence through "infiltration" in lowering the high standard of German civilization.

Two Kinds of Barbarism.

For Russia, according to the German view of things, is manifestly in a far inferior state of cultural development than herself—truly barbarian—and Germany seems to think that this menace of Russian barbarism ought to be self-evident to every intelligent western European and American. A year or so ago the German propaganda had much to say about this Russian menace and the necessity of forming a "buffer state" between the high kultur of Germany and the low barbarism prevailing in Russia. Since those early months of German propaganda the world has had to ponder the alternative between two sorts of barbarism and decide which kind it might prefer to be overrun by—the intelligent, submarine, poison gas sort, or the unintelligent, wild Cossack sort. And the world after a year and a half of contemplation and pretty thorough instruction, seems at present writing to prefer the more remote to the nearer barbarism. It may possibly not be compelled to accept either.

It is easy enough to understand why the Germans consider the Russians to be so obviously beneath them in civilization. For the two races represent cardinal opposed principles of life. Mr. Stephen Graham, in his enthralling book, "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary," has pointed out this antagonism between the spirit of the west and that of the east by unmistakably vivid instances. His is one of the most moving books I have come across in months; it makes me long to see Russia and realize a little what that mysterious, obscure Slav force is like, as anything Russian of Tolstoi or Gogol or Dostoevsky always makes me curious about the spirit behind this vast nation.

Of course, a German with his tidy cities, his thrifty cultivated fields, his

they could not really see us then. There were lots of troops in companies moving along the road, but they kept well to one side, in the shadow of the walls. We walked along for quite a distance, and then went over to the right, and down into a deep trench, in which we walked for nearly half a mile, and finally came upon the medical officer of the battalion, and went with him to the headquarters' dugout.

"The trenches were very deep, the sides as high as my head for the most part, but lower in spots, where you ducked as you walked along. They turned every little while at right angles, forming what they call traverses, and with holes here and there covered by gratings for drainage. The trench would be connected with a trench in front by these traverses. We turned into a traverse to the left, and found ourselves behind the ruins of a house, mounted several steps up in the clay behind the shelter of a wall, went over the threshold of the door, and down to the cellar to our right. Here we found the colonel of the regiment and some of his officers. They lived in the cellar, and the ground floor of the house was used for kitchens, etc., the ceiling and walls being covered by sandbags. In fact, the main use of the ground floor was as a passage to the cellar. Everything was dark, except in the cellar.

"This was in the second or third line trench, about 200 yards behind the firing trench, which was only 200 yards from the Germans, so that we were only about 400 yards from the German firing line. They said the Germans had fired no shells at them that day since 1 p.m., but just before

industrious and efficient bureaucracy, his excellent technical schools, and all the rest that go to make his boasted kultur, must despise Russian filth, poverty, ignorance and graft—also the atrociously inefficient Russian Government and the primitive industrial conditions. Everything that the German prides himself in, the Russian ignores; and those things that Russians seem to consider the only really vital human interests, the Germans often speak of as "soft sentimentalities."

Russians Religious.

What would you? If man is to be considered primarily as a successful economic machine, and the end of his life the accomplishment of increasing wealth and luxury—of more telephones, telegraphs, fast trains, big shops, huge factories, semi-detached cottages, etc., etc., of course Russia lags woefully behind the western world in the race for the kingdom of heaven. Germany is in many respects—and I say this with no belittling intention—the supreme expression of human materialism, of the dominant creed of western Europe that man's first and last duty on this earth is to himself, his first obvious obligation being to make his abode healthier, pleasanter, richer, more luxurious.

The country that has achieved the most civilization is the one where the average of physical well-being is the highest, and with this test the two modern states that are admittedly foremost in spreading the blessings of industrial science farthest and deepest are these United States and Germany, and I suppose every one would admit that Germany had employed her resources more intelligently than we have. Russia is perhaps the only great country left on the earth whose people seem to consider that man's first duty in this life is not to himself, but to God, and that consequently it makes very little what he makes of himself industrially and materially provided his soul has entered into right relations with its maker.

I shall not try to say which I think to be the sounder view of human life and destiny. Sufficient for my present purpose to realize that two great peoples holding sincerely these two opposed views of human life must misunderstand each other forever, and that the materially minded one must fear the other minded one because of the danger of loss of the things which the materially minded care for quite as much as life itself—that is, comfort and security. The one principle utterly excludes the other. If the western or German ideal should get the upper hand, either peacefully or through force, then inevitably the Russian ideal must change. Mr. Graham says that under German influence, especially with aid of favorable tariff arrangements, a considerable western European bourgeoisie or middle class has sprung up in Russia during the last decade, with our own ideals of comfort and progress.

If the German ideal represented by these manufacturers and traders were to prevail, Russia would get more factories, develop her rich mines—in short, become what we call "a modern progressive state," which naturally Germany would very much like to have happen if she could obtain the position of guide, philosopher and friend to "awakening Russia." Incidentally the enervation produced by material development would eliminate that peril of Russian barbarism.

The Russian Influence.

What might happen if the Russian hordes should pour out over Germany, would be harder to predict. They might become westernized and lose their racial faith more rapidly than the conquered peoples of western Europe could assimilate the Slav religious fatalism. Yet something surely of the Slav ideal would remain in the composite, and I for one believe that there is much need of certain Slavic ele-

ments in the thought that animates today industrial Europe and America.

For the Slav, as every one knows, is first and last a religious person, not the Czar's entourage, nor the army, nor the bureaucracy, nor the new middle classes—the elements that control the government of the great Russian nation—but the people themselves, the numberless millions of moujiks, those "hordes" of which the Germans have such contempt and fear. Even the corrupted, westernized upper classes, with all the cynicism of our civilization, seem to have retained the religious instinct, the feeling that possibly this life of material accomplishment is not all. We speak of the Slav religious manifestations as superstition, medieval. We have little use for their ikons, their monasteries, their hermits and saints and coddled beggars. We seem to think that they belong to an era in man's experience through which we "enlightened peoples" have passed and left behind in the gloom of the dark ages.

In leaving behind those simple religious symbols, have we not also abandoned the essential moving spirit in us as well? It is not that the Russian plebeians dwell with ikons or still goes on pilgrimages that makes him to us "primitive"; it is because he is more concerned with the state of his soul than with his material comfort. We cannot imagine a sane, healthy human being who would abandon a good home, his position in the world, and wander over the roads in search of some inner satisfaction which should resolve the enigma of existence.

It is just because I have seen so much material progress around me, so many "improvements," so much industrial "development" and their accompanying selfishness and bestiality that I for one am growing sceptical of the pretensions of our western ideal—even when fulfilled by expert, efficient Germans! "What profits it for a man to have all these and lose his soul?" comes to my lips as I look over our skyscrapers, hotel, railroad, millionaires, automobiles, express steamships, etc. Has the inner spiritual life risen on the average one kilogram through the enormous increase in national wealth the last twenty years, both in Germany and the United States? Is it not really at a lower ebb in all vital manifestations than ever before—in art, in literature, in politics, especially in leadership? And is not that nation which has pressed the material method of winning the world furthest just the one that any merciful, benign God would forever exclude from His heaven? Have we done so much to exterminate human wretchedness, to raise the mental and spiritual life in the mass, that we can feel superior to the benighted Russian peasant, who seems chiefly concerned, when he is not drunk, with his God?

"The Russian Hordes."

Russians have not developed telephones and telegraphs, railroads and automobiles, stock markets and trusts, and all the rest of what the ordinary man means by civilization. Their lives are said to be filthy; poverty abounds. Life is altogether on a low plane, judged by the standard of German snugness. With cities composed of large, grandiose buildings, with many churches and shrines, pilgrims and saints and ikons, endless talk over the samovar of unrealities, the Russian seems to belong to another, remote world, possibly to a fresher, sounder world that remembers the finite nature of the body. What profits a man to possess the world in the German and American sense if he has no personality, no soul left to enjoy it—or govern it?

Is there not something which both Germany and the United States have to learn from "the Russian hordes"—and that to reckon the satisfactions of the body at a little less?

accompaniment of the flashes of our big guns all round and their reports, which actually shook the earth. It was well worth seeing.

"Last Thursday, just a week after our visit, the Germans opened a very heavy cannonade on all that district we were in, battered the first town almost to the ground, trying to locate the batteries I have mentioned, and I guess that the road we took to the trenches was decided unhealthy from shrapnel and big shells. The town with the big houses, where we left B—, was badly battered up, and the last place, where we left our ambulance finally, also, suffered very severely, both from the bombardment and from bombs dropped by aeroplanes. The Germans bombarded for four or five days, and have been quiet since, so it shows that there is plenty of fight left in them when they want to use their shells. But our guns replied, and finally got the better of the argument.

"B— was sent out to act as medical officer to a brigade of artillery posted right in the country I have been describing. He went a week ago Sunday, and was there a week, taking the place of the regular medical officer, who was home getting married, and he had some experience of shells. He says they could hear them coming, and then they used to drop into a ditch at the side of the road, and once he was imprisoned in a bomb-proof shelter in a cellar from 2 to 6 p.m. on account of the shells flying around. However, just to show how little damage was done, his whole brigade only had five men slightly wounded by fragments of shrapnel all the time he was there.

"The Canadian expeditionary force (the three Canadian divisions) got the first field dressings out all right, and I fancy it was just as well we did, for that battalion was under heavy fire a few days later and had quite a number of casualties.

"It was a weird night, I can tell you, walking back, with the full moon rising over the German trenches, lighting up the road, and shining through the gaps in the ruined houses, and all the time we had the

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First of all, obtain a miner's certificate, from the Department in Quebec or from the nearest agent. The price of this certificate is \$10.00, and it is valid until the first of January following. This certificate gives the right to prospect on public lands and on private lands, on which the mineral rights belong to the Crown. The holder of the certificate may stake mining claims to the extent of 200 acres.

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HONORE MERCIER,

Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec